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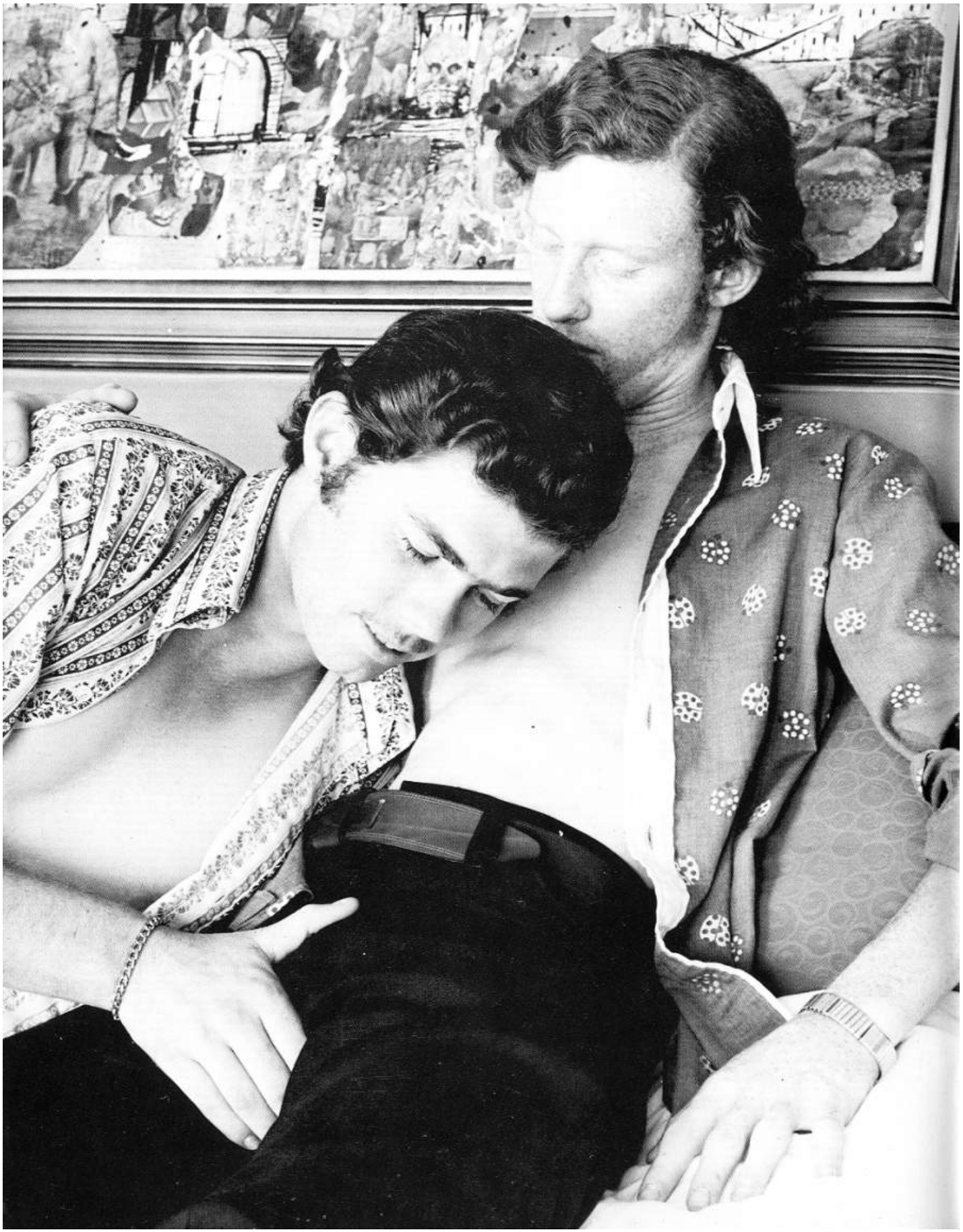
ACES

ADULTS ONLY

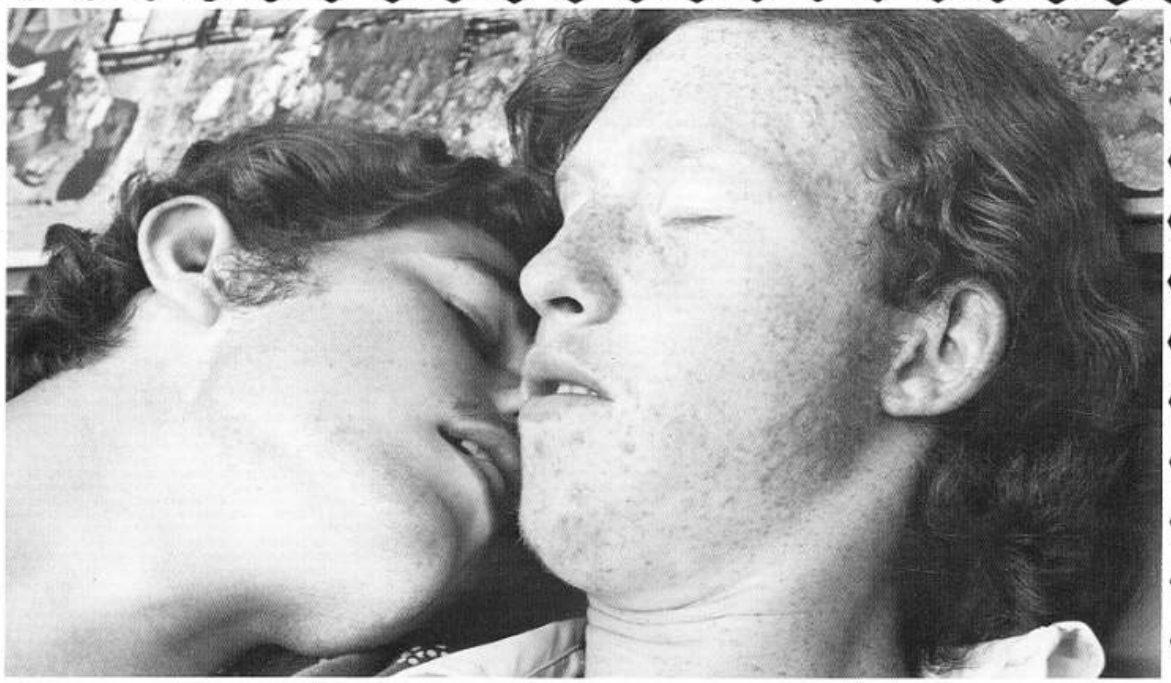
SONNY & MIKE
Was Sonny ready to complete their childhood affair now that he was a man?

TO LICK THE HERO
Wade's fantasies grew as he watched his brother and Kelsey.

TAKE EIGHT
It was eight to the bar for the music and eight to the hole for the john.



SONNY & MIKE



"Hello—Mike? This is Sonny—Sonny O'Hara. Remember me?"

"Christ, yes! Where are you, Sonny?"

"Down at the bus station in Hollywood."

"Can you come over? What are you doing in Hollywood?"

"I was hoping you would ask me. It sure has been a long time. How do you look?"

"About the same, I guess. How about you? Still have that red hair?"

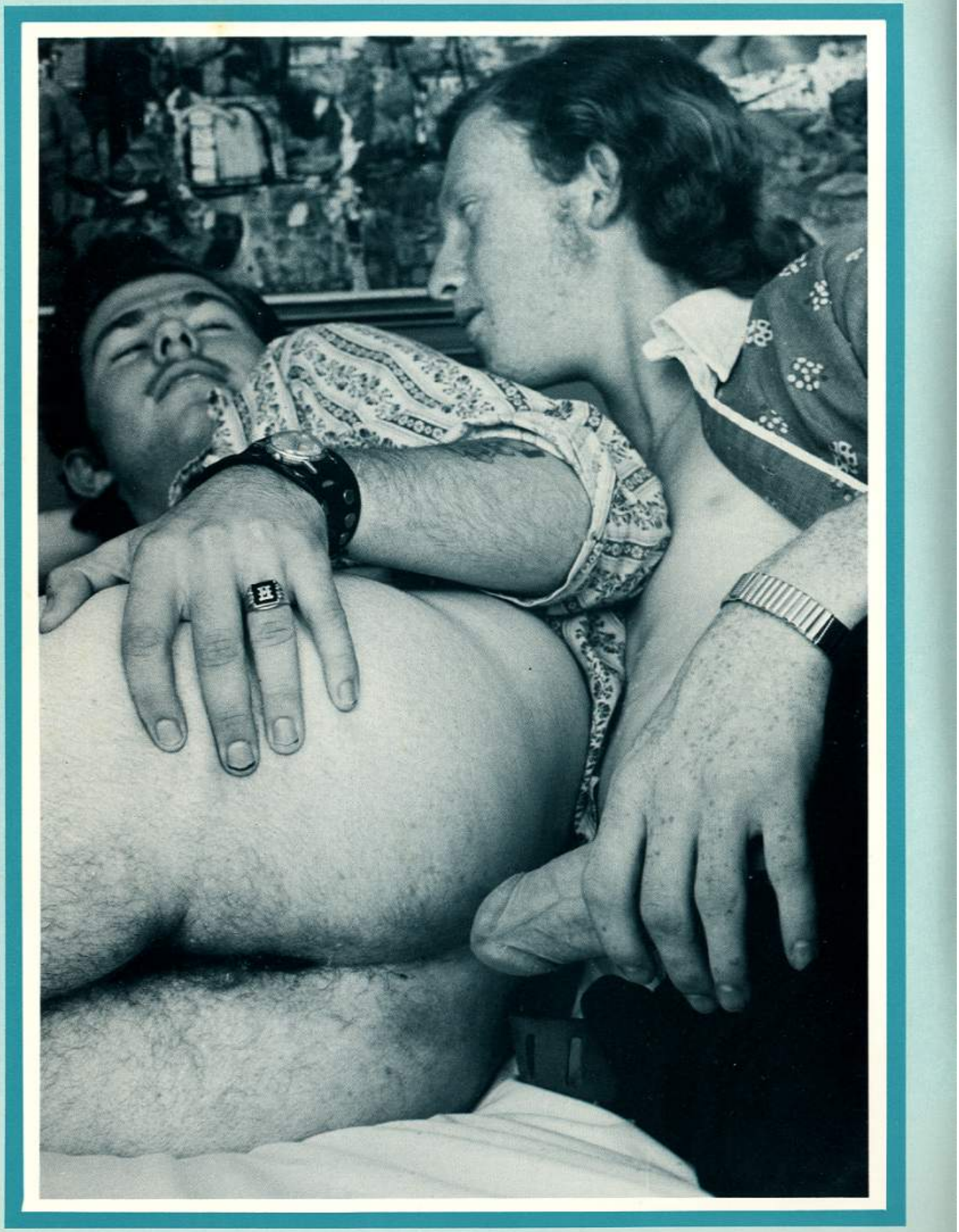
"Oh, yeah! And I'm about the same, too—just grown in several departments!"

"How am I supposed to take that?"

"Well, I'm taller. I've filled out."

"Yes."

"Yeah—that's a lot bigger, too!"



"I find that hard to believe! You were already almost too big in the meat department then!"

"Well," Sonny answered, "wait till you see it now!"

"Do you still—I mean, do you still—"

"Play around with guys? Is that what you're trying to say?"

"Yeah—I guess that's what I was going to ask."

"Just give me your address and you'll find out real fast! I've been dreaming about this for a long time—for almost as long as you've been gone!"

"I'm at 1720 Mariposa. Want me to pick you up?"

"No—I'll catch a cab. See, my dad died and left me pretty well fixed. I should have taken a plane, but I decided the bus was good enough—especially when I didn't know if you wanted to see me or not."

"You're pretty close now. See you in about ten minutes, huh?"

"You sure will—and be ready for me, if you know what I mean!"

Mike Darrow hung up the phone with his pulse racing. Sonny O'Hara! Holy Christ! That big redheaded dude had always been the one to turn him on for as long as he could remember. Sonny had come to his little home town in Iowa to visit, and after they had become acquainted, Mike had invited him over to spend the day. Mike lived on the outskirts of town and his father had a farm of sorts. There were about forty acres, a string of hen houses, a machinery shed and the barn. Ah, that barn! If it could only speak, it would tell of the gallons of blistering hot, white cream that had been shot out of all sorts of sizes of stiff, aching cocks in the hayloft.

Mike couldn't wait to get Sonny into the barn and find out

if all the stories about the fantastic size of his tool—the story was buzzing through his whole crowd of friends—all his jack off buddies—were true. It was supposed to be the biggest that the town had ever seen!

Sonny came in the morning and Mike got to know him better. Just about that time, Mike's mother had called them for lunch. Sonny and Mike ate hurriedly because Mike had told Sonny that he had something to show him in the barn and Sonny showed great excitement.

After lunch was over, they raced to the barn and Sonny said, "I don't see anything different about this barn. It looks just like any old barn!"

"What I have to show you is in the hayloft," Mike replied with sparkling eyes.

They climbed the ladder and Sonny said, "I still don't see anything!"

"Let's get out of our clothes and then I'll show you."

Sonny agreed without a second's notice and they were soon stripped nude in front of each other. By God! The stories were certainly true! Neither boy could have been over thirteen, but Sonny had a full, curly triangle of flaming red pubic hair and from that triangle! A huge, creamy giant of a prick dangled, its mammoth crown covered almost entirely by a satiny, translucent foreskin. There was one large, bluish vein running down the dorsal surface, but the rest of the shaft was absolutely gorgeous! And the nuts! Holy Christ! They would have done a breeding bull justice!

Mike was no slouch in the peter department, either, but it certainly couldn't compare with Sonny's. "So—the only thing you've shown me is your dick!

What else?" Sonny inquired.

"That what I was going to show you," Mike said lamely.

"Okay, now you've shown me —what's next?"

"Do you like to jack off?" Mike asked boldly.

"Fuck, yes! I do it all the time!"

"With other guys?"

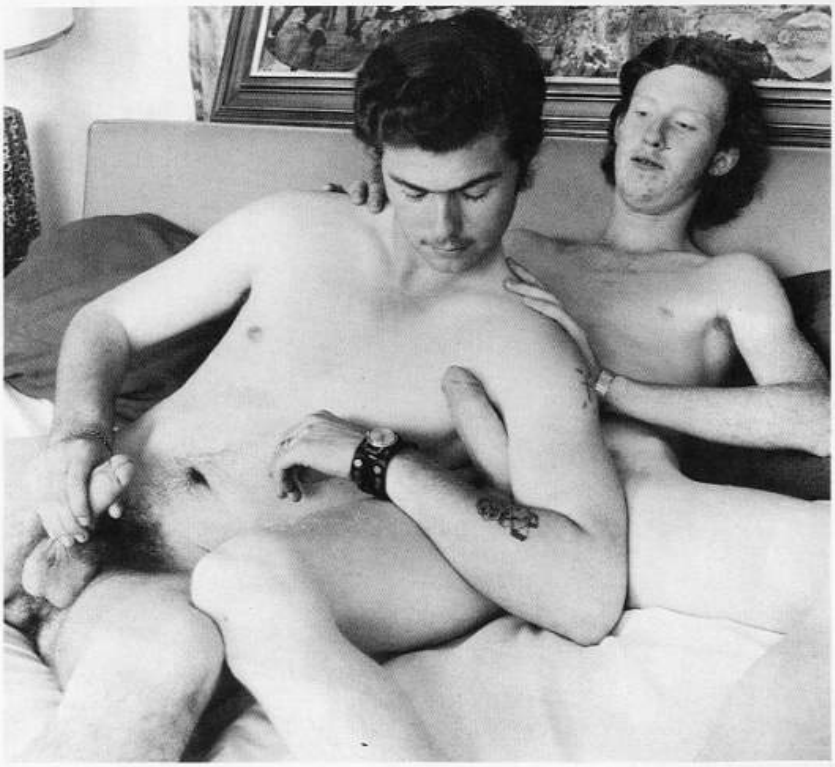
"Whenever I can."

"How about with me?"

"Sure. We'll jack each other off—okay?"

Mike, at that moment, couldn't tell him that sucking was the thing in his crowd and he couldn't bring himself around to broach the subject so they lay down side by side in the hay and jacked each other off. Mike's load was far greater than Sonny's, so at least he had something to be proud of. Mike watched Sonny's hot, sticky offering fall in a pool on his chest and trickle down into his navel. Oh, Christ! How he wished that had been his throat it was trickling into!

They jacked each other off al-



most every day that summer, and in the winter, Sonny moved to town. At their first meeting when Sonny got back, they hurried to the hayloft and stripped. When they were both glassy-eyed, Mike asked huskily, "Did you ever have anyone suck your cock, Sonny?"

"No!" Sonny replied, suddenly alert.

"I have," Mike continued, dismayed at Sonny's violent reaction.

"Who?" Sonny demanded.

"Oh, someone you don't know."

"What does it feel like?"

"The greatest! It's got jacking off beat a mile!"

"Wish I could say I have," Sonny mused.

"I'll show you if you do it to

me!" Mike said breathlessly.

"Okay—go ahead."

Mike grasped the enormously girthed base of Sonny's prick and ran his tongue over the taut, satiny surface of the perfectly formed, snub-nosed, helmet-shaped crown. Sonny moaned in surprised ecstasy and writhed his hips. "Oooooh, that feels great, Mike! Keep doing it!"

Instead, Mike sank the massive crest into his mouth until it hit the arch of his throat. Sonny shivered in disbelief and threw his head back on the hay, thrashing it from side to side with his eyes closed and his lips drawn back over clenched teeth. He was so hot, within half a minute, his scalding spunk shot out of his swollen urethra and almost cauterized Mike's throat. After he was spent, his body relaxed, exhausted. Mike said softly, "Now it's my turn."

"I wouldn't put your dick in my mouth for a million dollars!" Sonny spat.

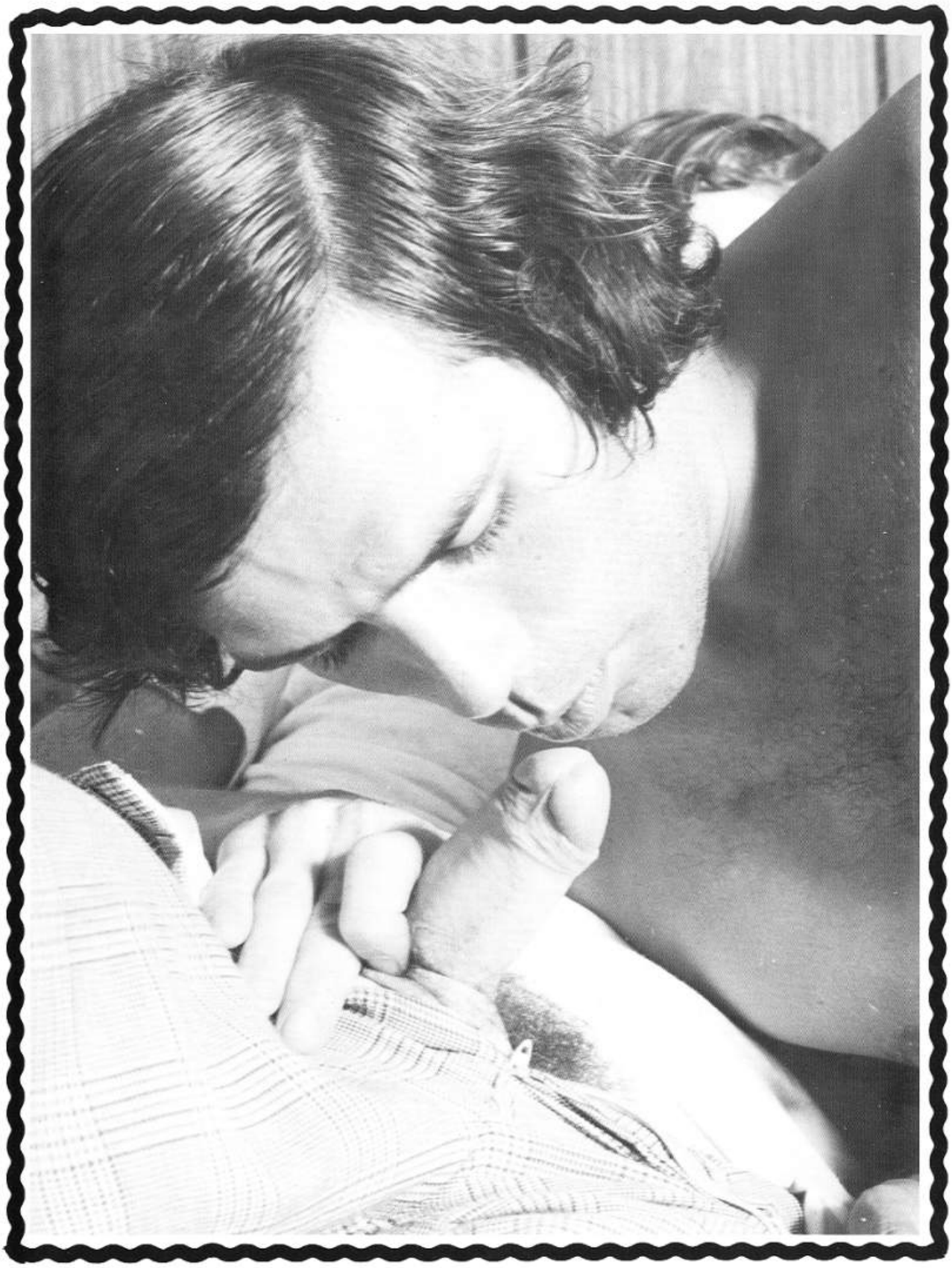
Recalling this last sentence, Mike began to worry about Sonny's appearance. Maybe he had been too hasty to invite him over! The door bell rang and Mike opened the door apprehensively. "Hi, Sonny. What are you doing in Hollywood? You didn't tell me."

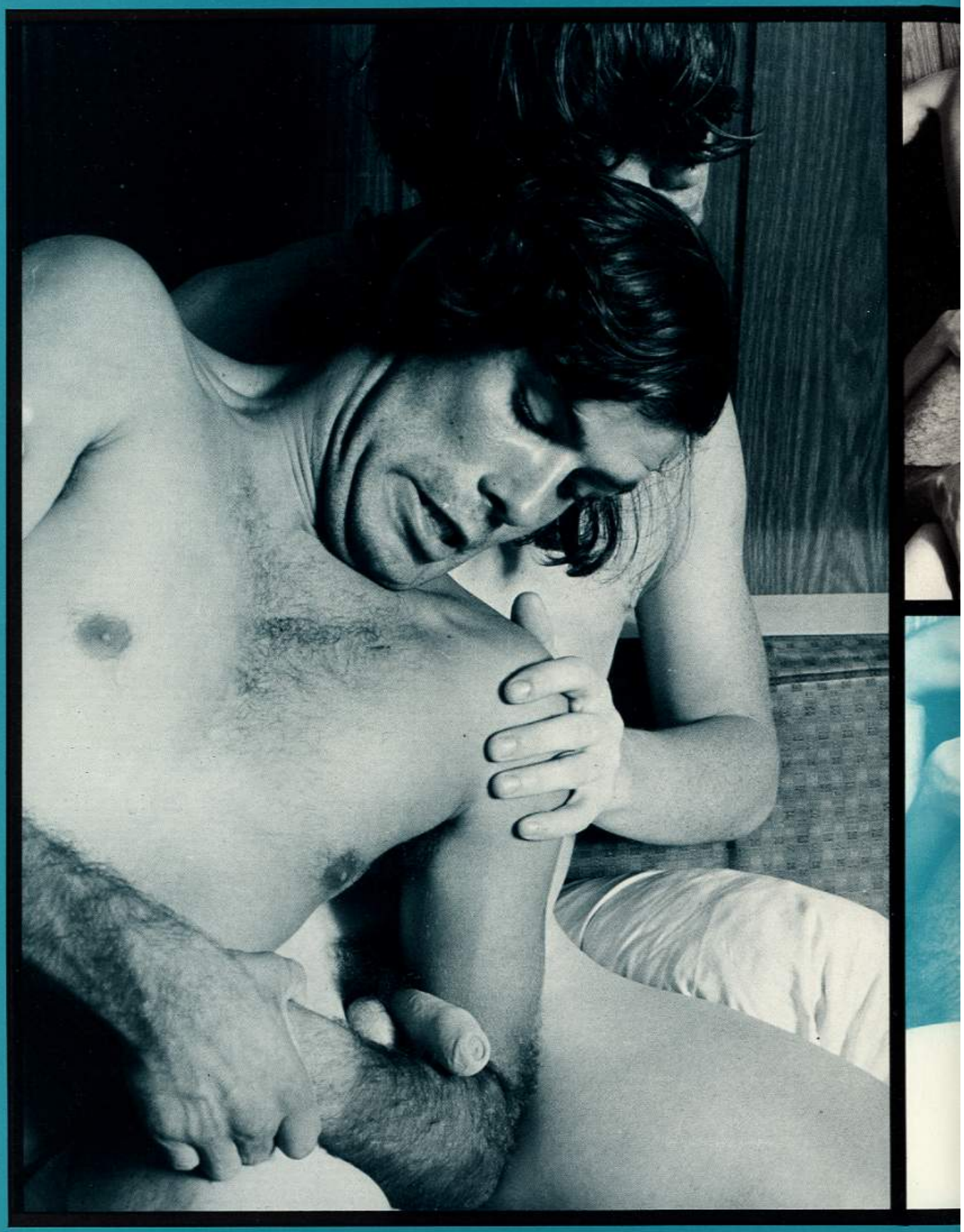
"I came to pay off that million dollars!" he replied, smiling.

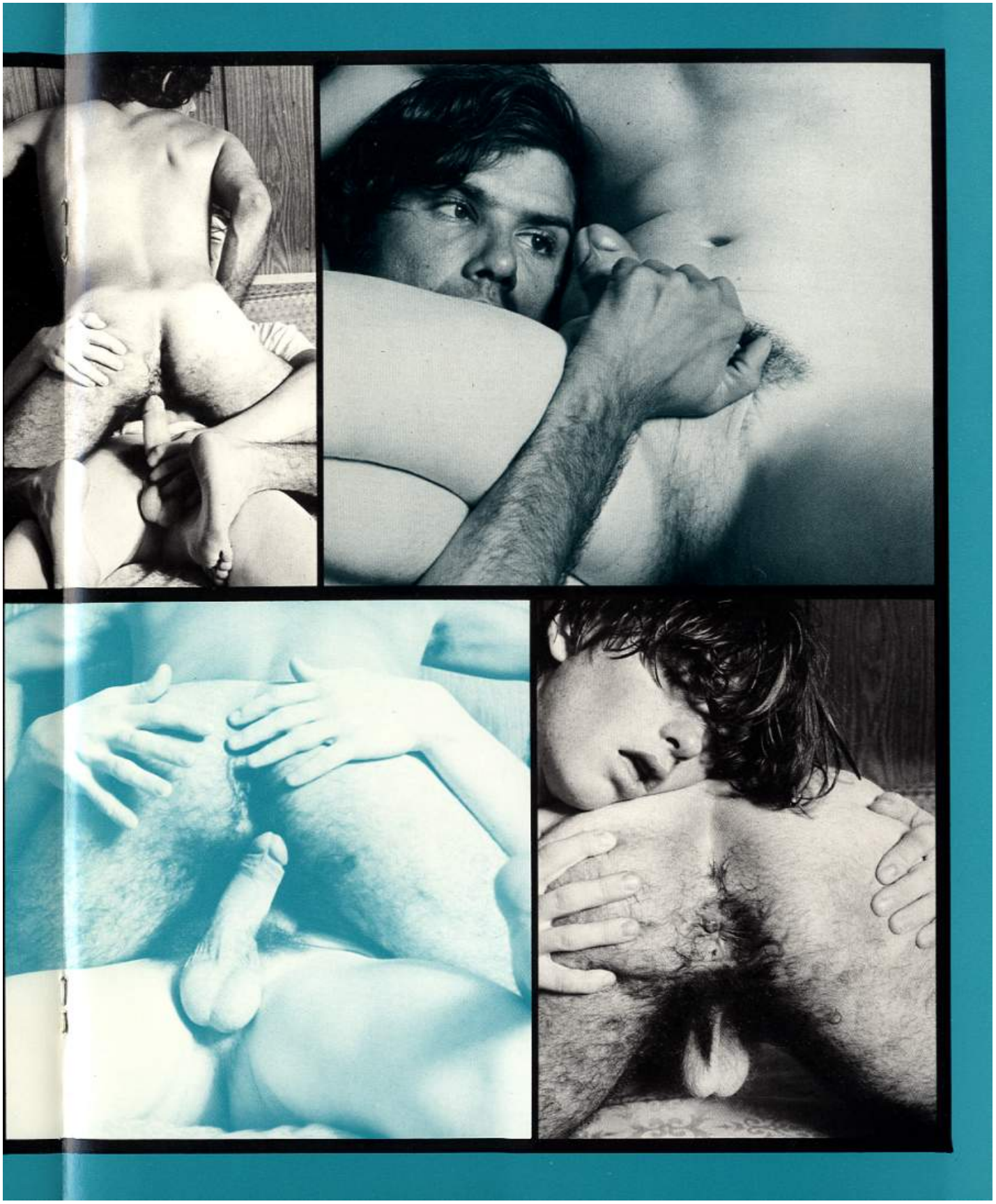
To Lick The Hero

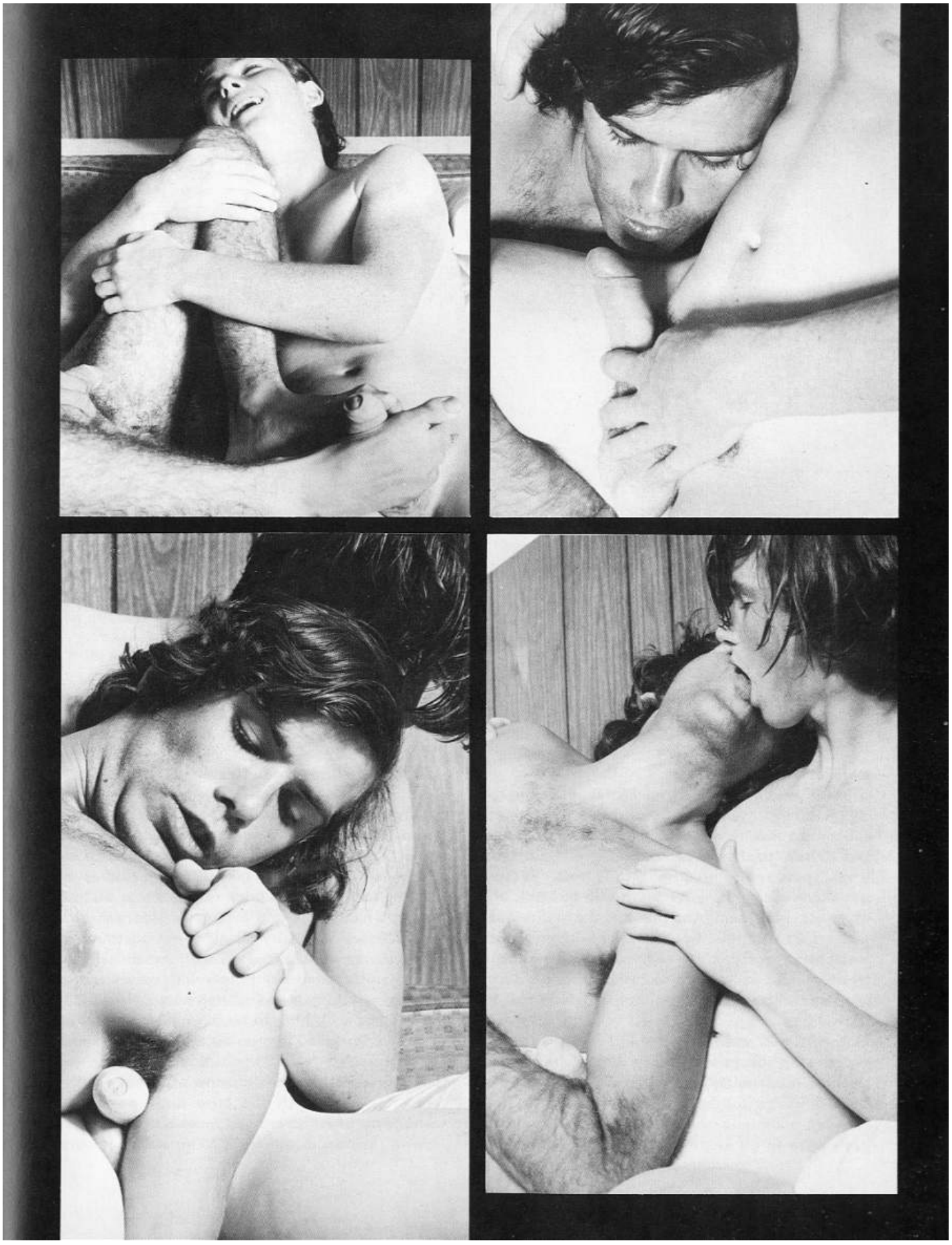
Wade Sommers was having a hard time keeping cool this particular afternoon. The sweat in his crotch made him hotter than ever and turned his mind to his huge prick, which felt like it was ready to swell out of his pants. He tried to restrict his jacking off, but sometimes it was difficult—like right now. He was a great looking boy with long, brown, wavy hair and had an impish personality which made him a great favorite among his circle of friends. However, he was a sham and it worried him. He waited for his interest in girls to assert itself, but when it came to thinking about sex, somehow it always involved hugh, square pectorals, washboarded abdominals, beautiful, firm, round asses and long, fat, gorgeous pricks with gigantic balls that dangled from exciting, curly, pubic triangles.

He'd had one sexual experience, with a cousin on an exciting, dark, summer night when they both seemed to get hard-ons at the same time. Somehow or other, they had discovered the sixty-nine position and it had seemed natural to take each other's cocks in their mouths. That's all it amounted to;









more jealous!

Kelsey was Dick's age and just about as engaging. Naturally, Wade shadowed the both of them and almost lost his mind the first time he saw Dick and Kelsey strip and jack each other off. Kaleidoscopic spots and colors danced in front of his eyes and there was nothing for him to do but jack off while watching them. And that was the first day he shot his wad! He had watched Dick with envy and amazement every time that wonderful, pearly cream spurted out all over his belly and dripped off his hand. Wade wondered desperately what it tasted like!

And here it was! After the indescribable thrills and electric shocks had slowly vacated his nerves, his hand was holding a hot, gluey pool, and he raised it to his tongue and tasted it. Strange—not bad—but definitely sexy! If a guy put another guy's prick in his mouth and jacked him off at the same time—Ummmmm! Heavenly!

He noticed that Kelsey's prick was even larger than Dick's and it had the same wonderful foreskin—only Kelsey's body was so much more attractive than Dick's. It was suntanned all over! Where did he go to be able to take off *all* his clothes—not even a jock? And his prick was as tan as his belly. Also, where Wade and Dick were practically hairless, Kelsey was hairy all over—not unattractively like an ape, but nice and, well, *masculine* hairy. Wade immediately fell in love with Kelsey and was completely tongue-tied around him. Kelsey kidded and joked with him, to his blushing consternation, and even pinched him on his sweet little ass many times!

His nightly dreams were now of Kelsey—running his fingers through the crisp curls on Kelsey's chest, over his hairy thighs, even dancing over the downy perineum which led to his asshole. *Nothing*

about Kelsey was unattractive. Why, he'd even kiss Kelsey's asshole, if he wanted him to! These fantasy dreams always ended at the same place with Wade sinking Kelsey's delicious prick down his throat and draining spurt after spurt of celery juice tasting, hot spunk. He usually awoke in a pool of steaming, sticky starch, which he cleaned up gladly, ever increasing his hunger for Kelsey's sperm by tasting his own.

Then Vietnam. Dick and Kelsey went off at the same time and only Kelsey returned—an even more handsome, more adult Kelsey with the most wonderful mustache. Wade met him at the plane when he returned. Wade had a love speech all planned, but again he had chickened out. At least, Kelsey called him about once a week to say "hello" and ask how he was.

The telephone rang this hot afternoon and Wade said, "Yes?"

"Wade? Kelsey. Can I come over? I need some place to shuck my clothes to get away from this heat and I can't do it at home. All right with you?"

Wade's heart was in his throat as he answered. "Yes, Kelsey—but if I see you naked, I can't guarantee what will happen!"

"Is that a proposition?" Kelsey asked softly and huskily.

"I'd like to be able to take Dick's place," Wade replied faintly.

"Are you up to it?" Kelsey asked.

"Up to it, down around it and sideways if you want it!"

"Dick said you'd be like that, baby. He always got a bang out of performing for you!" Kelsey chuckled and hung up, rushing to his love.

TAKE EIGHT!

"Why doesn't he like me?" Yancy Varga asked himself as he sat in front of the microphone in the recording studio of Today Records. Gabe Kerwin, self-made owner and head of Today Records had just cut off Yancy's tenth take and said wearily, "Take a five minute break—then we'll try it again."

Disconsolately, Yancy looked down at his boots, his eyes catching sight of his famous, huge lump in his crotch and riding half way down his left thigh. "Fuck!" he thought, "if I could just get away somewhere and beat that mother off, I'd be able to relax a little more!" The idea grew immediately appealing and into the mike he asked, "Do I have time to go to the head, Gabe?"

"Let's make one more try at it if you can hold it, Yancy. Time means money, you know. Can you wait a couple of extra minutes?"

Yancy nodded grimly and waited for the warning bell. This time, he made it all the way through the song and Gabe flicked the intercom key and said,"Come on in, Yancy. We'll listen to that one!"

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Yancy yelled. "I've got to drain my lizard right now or Studio B is gonna be under water!"

Gabe chuckled and said, "Go on, boy. You've earned it. Musicians, take a half-hour break—and Yancy, remember if you shake it more than three times . . ."

"I might make it a dozen!" Yancy yelped gaily, speeding from the studio.

He grinned to himself as he entered the men's room. Take a piss, fuck! All he wanted was a little tom-tom time, and the way his tube was beginning to swell during that last recording, he knew that it was certain to be spotted if he didn't get alone soon and beat the goddamned stiffening out of it! Once his mind settled on his pecker, that was it until he had emptied his nuts, which seemed to be swollen and boiling all the time lately! Especially when he did those live performances and saw all the sensational young studs jerking their hips around—and most of them

obviously not wearing shorts!

He selected the booth which was closest to the three urinals in a row, knowing that there was a peek hole which overlooked the urinals and another in the other wall looking into the next booth. Just after he locked the door, pushed his skintight pants down around his boot tops and sat down on the stool, he heard the musicians coming in to take pisses, comb their hair and wash their hands.

He grasped his huge, beautiful rod in his fist and began jacking off, relaxing his hold so that his foreskin just whispered as it rolled over, then collared behind his prominent, flaring corona. So many of the musicians he knew by sight, but he hadn't seen how they were hung. They were all young and groovy looking and his passion temperature mounted as, one after another, they hauled their pricks out to take their pisses.

Most of them looked fairly average; they looked as if they would measure out to six and a half or seven hard, but there were two or three that increased his jacking speed as he ogled their beautiful lengths and caused him to lick his lips and pant breathlessly. Oh, man! How he'd like to line them all up against the wall and suck them all off! Bet he wouldn't be nervous after that!

He was about halfway there when he heard the last of the musicians leave. He had almost decided to finish it off then and there when he heard the door wheeze and he peeked through the hole again. It was one of the young guys who transported the

instruments from studio to studio. This kid looked like he was about seventeen, and he was built like Superman. When he hauled out that fantastic hose and held it in his full fist. the enormous crown and two or three inches still hung from it! He took a healthy piss, watching the golden stream with interest, then his attention shifted to his huge tube and he skinned it back and forth several times. He looked at it again and watched it slowly stiffen out, raising to an upward angle to his slim waist. He must have had some experiences in this head before, because he looked directly at the peek hole then bent down to see if there were legs beneath the partition. Seeing that someone was there, he came up close to the hole and slowly jacked off, whispering, "Want to suck it, baby? I love to get my joint copped!"

Yancy almost whispered "yes," when he heard the door wheeze again and the young man disappeared as if in a puff of smoke. A trim midsection was at the closest urinal, so close in fact that all that could be seen, no matter how hard you tried, was from midthigh to the waist. This midsection was unzipped and and a gorgeous monster was flooped out of the neutral colored pants.

The prick was smooth and creamy, and even though Yancy guessed that it was completely flaccid, it looked to be six or seven inches around and must have been at least eight inches long soft. Who in the fuck could this be? Then Yancy realized that the guy wasn't pissing: he

was just standing there with his dong almost touching the base of the porcelain bowl. The stud moved his hips back and forward, then sideways, making his honey of a honker do the wildest, fucking dance in the world! Yancy was tongue-tied or else he would have been bold enough to ask the guy to come into the booth with him. Then, almost like the other young man, his cock was tucked away and he also vanished. Yancy really began to jack off in earnest and just at his balls began to boil, he heard the door again and Gabe's voice say, "Are you still there, Yancy? Are you all right, baby?"

Disgustedly, Yancy replied, "Yes," stood up and pressed his still hard prick into his pant leg, zipped up, flushed the toilet while saying, "Yeah—I'm okay, Gabe. I'll be in in a couple of seconds."

"All right, star. We're waiting for you!" This last statement was said so pleasantly that Yancy almost forgot his postponed ejaculation compulsion and hurriedly washed his hands and combed his hair, grateful that his hard-on was receding.

They listened to the playback in the recording booth, and when it was finished, Gabe asked, "What do you think, Yancy? Think you can do it better?"

Yancy looked at him, then looked again. Gabe was staring right at his cock brazenly. Thinking fast, Yancy asked, "What do you say, Gabe? Do you want to take this one?"

Gabe answered "yes" with an obvious blush, then it dawned on Yancy that Gabe's pants were the same neutral color as—

"I think you'd better come to my place tonight to talk about your next sides," Gabe enthused, regaining his composure.

"I think we've got a real winner going!" Yancy replied, smiling tremulously.

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